

Protect the Blade

by Darth Brony

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Summary: Masane is starting her new life working for Douji, and life is happy. That all changes with the arrival of one man, one that can she doesn't even know if he can be trusted.

1. Chapter 1

Masane was running. What she was running from was a mystery, but she was running none the less. It wasn't a Cloneblade or an Ex-con, so whatever it was did not activate the Witchblade.

She ran through the streets of Tokyo, the street lamps the only light on the moonless night. She looked over her shoulder to see if the thing was still there and saw it wasn't there. She turned the corner and leaned on the wall, trying to catch her breath. She looked back around the corner and only saw the empty street.

She turned back and then was grabbed around the throat. She was lifted up and tried to look at her captor, but only saw her own reflection in a gold visor.

Masane woke with a start, breathing heavy. Her mind was spinning from the dream she just had.

_ No, a nightmare. _She thought, looking at the clock. It read 06:50 A.M., so she decided to get up. _What a weird dream though? Who was that that grabbed me?_

"Morning mommy," Rihoko said, a massive smile on her face. Masane couldn't keep thinking about the nightmare with that cute face. "You ready for breakfast?"

"Sure am, what's on the menu this morning?" Masane asked, climbing out of bed and heading to the table.

"Well, I have your coffee ready and am cooking an omelet for you,"

the little girl said, smiling the whole time.

"That sound delicious," Masane said, taking a sip from her coffee. Her dream was forgotten and the day continued as normal for the pair.

As the evening came down on the city, the whole apartment residents sat in the downstairs dining area. Talk floated from person to person, the conversations light and cheerful. The talks all died though as a man in a trench coat walked in. His face was covered and he was massive, taller than even Michael. He walked right up to the counter and face forward, waiting for Mariko to take his order. Mariko got up and went around the back and stood in front of the standing man.

"What'll it be, honey," she said, her cigarette in her mouth.

"I am looking for someone. This person is extremely dangerous and in extreme danger. I'm to look after them," the man said, his voice neutral and deep. His face was still covered in the shadow of his hood.

"Sorry, don't know anyone like that. If you need to find someone, ask the police," Mariko said, taking another drag off her cigarette.

"Fine, may I have a cup of coffee. Mostly black with milk and two teaspoons of sugar," the man said. Mariko blinked once at his request, catching her by surprise.

"Sure," Mariko got the man his coffee. "That'll be two fifty."

The man reached into the coat and pulled out his wallet. The group saw he had gauntlets on and were all wondering why he was wearing something like that. He pulled out a hundred and handed it to Mariko.

"Here, keep the change," he said, moving away from the bar and sitting in a corner of the room facing the door. The chair creaked under his weight when he sat down.

The conversations continued in the room, all of them ignoring the man and enjoying each other's company. The sun started dipping lower and the liquor was pulled out by the group.

Everyone started to drink, and the man in the corner watched. He chuckled to himself, taking a sip from his half-empty coffee. He was like a creeper, looking at everyone and no one knowing he was there. After a few drinks, the group finally noticed the man and his lack of drink.

"Hey, you," Masane said, calling over the man. He looked up and saw Masane walking over to him.

"What do you want?"

"I just thought that you should join us. You seem lonely and could use a pick-me-up," Masane said, passing a drink to him. He caught it and looked at it for a second. It was a shot of something, and the man shrugged. In one swoop, he downed the drink.

"Sure, I'll join you," the man said, walking over to the group. He pulled back his hood and the group all stared at his face.

Shoulder, length brown hair sat on his head, it not in any particular style. A beard covered his jaw, making the group think him to be one of those no shaving people. His eyes were brown too, each one at peace within them. His face had a distinct mark; a scar running from his right eyebrow to his left jaw. He looked at them and had a puzzled look.

"What? Is something wrong?" he said, looking at the group.

"No, just that you look different," Tozawa said, thinking that he might make a good story.

"It's because I'm American. Name's Salcito, I'm an Interpol agent from the UN. You all know why I'm here, and I say that can wait until tomorrow. Tonight, drinks are on me," Salcito said, pulling out five hundred dollars and handing it to Mariko. "Keep the change."

The whole group drank to their hearts content into the late hours of the night. The group started to break up and all that was left was a drunk Masane and Salcito. Masane started to walk to the elevator to go to her room and she stumbled over herself. She would have hit her head on the counter had the man not been there.

He grabbed her under her arm and held her up. She looked at him with a dumb stare and swayed back and forth a little.

"Don't, *hic* touch me. You *hic* perve," she said, too drunk to know what she was saying.

"Let me help you to your room," he said, not asking but commanding. Masane agreed, being helped to the elevator and to her room. At the door, she asked him if he had somewhere he was staying.

"No, I don't do well in hotels," he said, waiting for her to enter her apartment.

"Then you should stay here tonight. It's supposed to be cold tonight, and I won't take no as an answer," Masane said, pointing her finger at him. She got distracted by her finger for a second and shook her head. Salcito sighed, knowing he had lost the battle.

"Fine, but I'm sleeping on the couch," he said. Masane had a smile grow on her face and the two entered the room together.

Salcito helped her to her bed and pulled the sheet over her, tucking her in. He saw that Rihoko was asleep, so he pulled the curtain to separate them from the rest of the place. He walked over to the couch and laid down, knowing that sleep would be difficult. He sighed and stared at the ceiling, listening to the silence. His eyes finally closed and he slipped into sleep.

That night, Masane was too drunk to have a proper dream, and didn't have any nightmares that night. A certain other person wasn't as lucky. Salcito woke three times during the night just because of his dreams. Each time was in a cold sweat and his left hand shaking.

_ Damn, nightmares. Just won't leave me alone will they?_ He thought, choosing to just remain awake until morning. That was still hours away for him unfortunately.

2. Chapter 2

The sun rose from the horizon, telling all in its light to rise. Rihoko woke and found a man sitting on the couch, dressed in a trench coat with the hood down. She looked at him with a confused look and smiled, walking over to him. He looked up at the little girl and smiled back, being as friendly as possible.

"Hi, I'm Rihoko. Who are you and why are you up here?" Rihoko asked, her voice serious and playful at the same time.

"I'm Salcito, your mom had a little too much to drink last night, so I helped her up. She let me stay the night, but she didn't tell me she had such a cute daughter," he said, a smile on his face.

"She did, did she? I told her not to drink too much, but she just doesn't listen," the little girl said, surprising the man. He wasn't ready for her to talk about her mother drink and not a stranger in the room. He just shrugged it away.

"Do you want some breakfast?" Rihoko asked.

"Sure, that would be lovely."

"Great, you can take your coat off and put it on the hanger over by the door. Sit at the table when you're done and I'll have breakfast ready in a jiffy," Rihoko said, turning and running to the kitchen.

Salcito chuckled to himself. He got up and headed to the table, not taking the coat off. _She might be cute, but this coat stays on. _He thought, looking at the chair. It wasn't as strong as the ones downstairs, and he didn't want to explain how he broke a chair. He just stood and waited by the table.

Rihoko walked in carrying a plate of pancakes and bacon. She set it on the table and pulled out a chair for the man.

"Here you go, now sit and eat up before my mom comes and eats it all," Rihoko waiting for the man to sit.

"I think it would be better if I ate at the couch, I'm afraid I might break one of your chairs," Salcito said, being polite to the little girl.

"Oh, and you haven't taken off your coat. You are a strange person," Rihoko said.

"Ha, ha, ha. I've been called many things, but strange is not one of them. I prefer the coat on, because I'm still wearing my work suit. I also weigh more than I look, so most chairs are not strong enough to hold me. I'm surprised your couch had survived the night," he said.

"Oh, okay. Enjoy your meal," Rihoko said, handing him the plate and

going back into the kitchen. Salcito just shook his head and sat back on the couch. He proceeded to eat his meal and allowed his mind to wonder.

As the next meal was being made, Masane was waking up from her hangover induced sleep. She was groggy and had a massive headache. She looked up and smelled the food being cooked, causing her to try and get out of bed. She only got as far as her falling out.

Masane's face made a new friend with the floor and made a loud crash. Both Rihoko and Salcito looked at the fallen Masane. Rihoko ran over to see if she was okay and Salcito stood up and took a few steps towards them.

"Mommy, mommy, are you okay?" Rihoko asked, trying to help her mom up.

"Ya, I'm fine. Just a little tired from last night," Masane said. She pulled herself up and out of bed.

"Well, you can expect that from the amount of alcohol you consumed last night," Salcito said.

"Oh, ya. Well what about you? I saw you had three times what I had," Masane said, a hint of anger in her voice.

"I can hold my liquor better than anyone else. You can't speak though, considering I was the one who helped you up last night," Salcito said, causing Masane to blush a little. "And thank you for allowing me to spend the night here, it was actually quite pleasant."

"Um, you're welcome. I was just being nice," Masane said.

"And thank you little Rihoko for the splendid breakfast. Now I must really be going. I have an appointment with the directors of Douji Industries about finding the person," the man said, walking to the door.

"Wait, you're going to Douji? I work there, maybe I could help you," Masane said, perking up a little.

"Sure, I don't have to be down there until noon. I'll wait for you down stairs," Salcito said, nodding to the two of them and leaving the apartment.

Around a half-hour of waiting, Masane walked down. She had eaten and cleaned up, ready to start her day. No one was down stairs and it was dark,

"Mariko must be sleeping in," Masane said, seeing the dark room.

"Maybe, you ready?"

"Yep, so how are we getting there?" Masane asked.

"I have a vehicle. I'll go get it, just wait outside," Salcito said, heading outside.

Masane went out and waited for him, she didn't have to wait long. A loud noise from around corner was heard and a car came around. The vehicle wasn't high, but it looked fast. The door opened to reveal an empty seat, with Salcito on the left side.

"You getting in or what?" he said. Masane got in it and found it to be quiet on the inside.

"What is this?" Masane asked. She looked at the inside and saw the large amounts of electronics.

"This is a Bugatti Veyron, the fastest street legal vehicle in the world. It is also the smartest car, featuring everything anyone could use. It has a mid-engine 8.0 liter quad-turbocharged W16 engine. This think can go from zero to 60 in 2.4 seconds and keeps accelerating to a top speed of 267.5 MPH. What do you think?" Salcito asked, earning nothing from Masane but a blank stare. Salcito just laughed to himself. "I promise I won't go too fast. I have to be a little nice to the authorities."

And off they went, starting off in third gear and fifty miles-an-hour. Masane's eyes got to meet the back of her skulls, and Salcito got an ear full of Masane's yelling.

****Authors note: hey, i just have a few things to say. first: i do not own Witchblade or Halo. this pertains to all chapters. second: i will be gone for a while, so do not expect updates. third: please write reviews.****

3. Chapter 3

****A/N: hey guy and girls, just coming on here to say hello. this chapter could have been made longer, but i'm lazy. the next part will be out whenever i get to it. sorry for this inconvenience, but i have other things i'm working on. hope you enjoy.****

*****Disclaimer: i own nothing of Witchblade and Halo, they belong to their respective owners*****

The drive to Douji was fast, considering the vehicle was able to reach speeds of 256 Mph. After a while, Masane had stopped trying to get him to slow down and just sat in the seat. Salcito had turned on the satellite radio and was letting her listen to music. Masane had found a channel that played Japanese music and she was listening to that. Salcito had no interest in the radio and just focused on driving.

Cars honked and swerved to avoid the supercar. The police would have tried to chase the car down, but the fact of Salcito being a U.N. agent made it so they could not stop him. The cops then chose to clear the road so as to get him to his location. Masane saw the clear roads and asked about them.

"The local police know that if they hinder me, then they can actually be put in prison. They've decided to help us out, so the road is clear," Salcito said, speeding down the highway. "So what's your connection with Douji?"

"Clean up services," Masane said, keeping her secret about the

Witchblade from him.

"Oh, okay. Professionally, do you think they know anything?"

"I don't know, they don't tell me much," Masane said, being truthful. She thought that if she didn't know a lot, why they would tell him was beyond her.

"And personally?"

"They know more than they let on, trust me on that one."

The rest of the trip was fast and they arrived at the front door. A sign said that the parking garage was still ahead, but Salcito ignored it and got out of his car. Masane got out too, and they both walked in. The lady at the desk looked up and was obviously startled to the giant of a man standing there. She calmed down enough to ask him if he had an appointment.

"Yes, with the whole board of directors. The meeting is at eight-thirty, can you point me in the right direction?" Salcito said calmly.

"And may I have your name and identification?" the receptionist said.

"Sure, it's U.N. Agent Salcito," the man said, pulling out his U.N. I.D. The girl was taken aback. She didn't know what to do other than point toward on elevator. "Thank you."

Masane walked over to the elevator with him and got in it. Salcito looked at her in curiosity.

"Going somewhere?" he asked, looking down at her.

"Um, yes. I have to talk with my director at ten and I don't feel like leaving just to come back," Masane said, lying directly to his face. He knew she was lying, but didn't care. Her business was her own. The elevator played some of its normal elevator music, the two standing next to each other. Masane looked at the man and realized he was still wearing the same cloak, and she wondered to that.

"Why do you wear that?" Masane asked, looking up at the U.N. Agent.

"My own reasons, ones that shall remain my own," he said, pulling the hood back up over his head. Masane was starting to feel uncomfortable and moved over a little.

The bell dinged and the doors opened, showing a floor that was mostly void of life. A sign on the wall said "Conference Room" and pointed down the hall. Salcito bid Masane a good day and left for the meeting. Masane left the room and walked to Director Tokayama's office to speak with him about her next pay.

Salcito walked down the hall and eventually came to a pair of doors. One of the directors was outside the room, waiting for him.

"You must be the U.N. Agent, please this way," the director said. He had black hair and was in a crisp suit. He was larger than most

people and looked hardy. A scar ran down his right side of his face, and his chin was much squared. This director wasn't afraid to make eye contact with Salcito, even if he had to look up some.

Salcito nodded and the two walked in. A rectangular table sat in the middle of a large room, different directors seated around the table. The director that had led him in walked over to the head of the table and sat down next to one of the other directors up there. The whole group had gotten quiet and they all looked at the U.N. Agent. He looked at them and stepped forward, coming up to his end of the table. One of the directors closest to him looked over and spoke to the Agent.

"What do we owe this from the U.N. for?" the director said, earning all eyes on him.

"Well, for your information Directorâ€¦"

"Wado, Masaya Wado."

"Director Wado, the U.N. has sent me here to find and protect a very powerful being. The Witchblade," Salcito said, earning silence. "Now, I know for a fact that Douji is involved with the Witchblade. While doing research for it, I was brought to Douji by a joint operation with the NSWF. When I tried to get into your files, I was blocked by a firewall, and a good one at that. After removal of the firewall, I found a file that proved to me that you had the Witchblade." Salcito stopped talking for a second to allow the information to sink in and questions to be asked.

"How were you able to break through our firewall? It is the best and most expensive money can buy," Director Wado said, seeming to take command of the meeting.

"Actually, I have the most advanced security. You guys were actually clever as to make it so only clients on the Douji network would have access to this information, but you forgot that an expert hacker knows how to make themselves seem like they are part of the network without being on the same continent. Also, you might want to do a few scans of your system. I had to take down the firewall for half a second, which is plenty of time for a virus to get in behind me," Salcito said, reaching into his coat and pulling out a sliver of metal. He pressed a button on the side and the thing lit up with a holographic display.

Salcito then placed the object on the computer in front of him and the screen above and behind him turned on. He pressed a few things on his display until an image of the Witchblade and its files shone on the screen.

"This is what I saw when I hacked into Douji, not much information on something so powerful. So I am giving you all a chance to tell me who the current bearer is, or I will get political," the U.N. Agent warned.

All the Directors stared at the man like he was ready to take Douji away from them with a single press of a button. Director Wado though had a mean look on his face, like he was thinking of how to better his position. He stood up and straightened his suit and spoke to the Agent.

"Agent Salcito, I believe if you wish to know anything, I believe that you should speak with Director Takayama. He is the one in charge of the Witchblade Project, so he should know who the bearer is at this time," Wado said, trying to place blame on his colleague.

"Fine then, Director Takayama, may we speak in your office. I am done with these inpatients," Salcito said, pressing another button on his pad and placing it back in his coat.

"Of course. Please meet me there, I'll have my assistant, Segawa, escort you to my office," Director Takayama said, pressing a button at his station and another man walked in. He was of average height and had black hair. He too was in a suit and had a professional manner about him.

"Yes, Director?" the assistant asked Director Takayama.

"Could you escort our guest to my office? He and I have thing to discuss," Takayama said.

"Of course, Director," Segawa said, turning to the guest. "Please follow me."

The two turned and walked out of the meeting room, leaving the Directors to sigh a breath of relief. Director Wado thought that he had gotten Takayama in trouble, but it was not the case. When Wado pressed a button at his station, an image flashed on his screen. This caused Wado to jump back from the sudden intrusion of the image on his screen. Wado looked at it from the scare and saw it to be a troll face, which puzzled Wado.

Suddenly, every screen in the room was filled with troll faces except Director Takayama's. The troll song started to play through the speaker in the room and Takayama couldn't help but smile a little at the antic unfurling in front of him. Segawa was looking at the U.N. Agent when the Agent busted out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Segawa asked, keeping his voice about the same.

"Nothing, just ask Takayama when he gets back to his office. Let's go," Salcito said, leaving Segawa with less answers than before.

The two arrived at Takayama's office to find Masane Amaha was already in the room. Salcito looked at her for a second before he figured it all out, but decided to play dumb to see what she really knew. Segawa talked first though.

"Ah, Ms. Amaha, what brings you here today?" Segawa asked, his tone pleasant and smooth.

"Um, actually it was Salcito here. He offered me a ride and got here early, so I chose to wait for Director Takayama," Masane answered.

"Then I guess that you don't need to talk to Director Takayama," Segawa said to Salcito, earning a confused look from Masane and a fake look from Salcito.

"Why?" Salcito asked, pretending to be ignorant of the facts.

"Well, because if you are here because of the Witchblade, than you don't need to look any farther than right in front of you," Segawa said. "Agent Salcito, may I re-introduce you to Masane Amaha, bearer of the Witchblade."

4. Chapter 4

A/N: hello to the new installment of this story. now for a few things coming up; the ** were hacked into by , the knife was left behind, and the cigar really is that much. **

I DO NOT OWN WITCHBLADE OR HALO. enough said.

Director Takayama walked into his office expecting to find Segawa and the U.N. Agent in the room waiting for him. What he found was not that.

Salcito was standing on one side of the room as Masane was yelling at Segawa. Takayama looked at the situation and was able to figure out what had happened, adding to the weird day. Salcito looked at Takayama and walked over to him.

"Director Takayama, I think that your assistant has made a mistake and is pay the consequence of that now," Salcito said, standing next to Takayama.

"Same here. Ms. Amaha, would you please stop badgering my assistant?" Takayama asked, Masane stopping and glaring at Segawa. "Good, now that we have that settled, Agent Salcito is here under orders from the U.N. about the Witchblade. I believe he should be the one to tell you."

"Yes. Masane, I have to come to protect you until my life is threatened. That means that if something was to kill me, I am to immediately leave the fight. If and when you die, I am to take the Witchblade back with me and destroy it by any means necessary. Any questions?" Salcito said, leaving Masane dumbfounded.

"Um, and what makes you think that you can protect me? I have the Witchblade and you are just a man, how could you possible protect me?" Masane asked, a question on everyone's mind.

"When the U.N. sends agents to do protection details, we have to be able to take out the one we are protecting. This in the event that the client becomes the target. I was chosen because I am the only one who could challenge the Witchblade and win," Salcito said, making Masane cross her arms.

"You can't be serious. How are you strong enough to take on the Witchblade? I don't believe you," Masane said.

"Then I think a demonstration is in order. Takayama, could you allow me access into your training area for the iWeapons? I think that would be a good place to show off," Salcito said.

"Of course. When do you want us there?"

"ASAP, I'll be there soon," Salcito said, walking out of the office and leaving the three alone. Segawa sighed and looked at Director Takayama.

"Do you think he's going to use an iWeapon on himself?" Segawa asked, hoping it wasn't true.

"I don't know, but I would hate to explain to the U.N. what happened to their favorite agent," Takayama said.

****iWeapon facility****

Takayama, Segawa, and Masane all stood in the observation room overlooking the faux city street. The room was lit and waiting for Salcito, and they were getting anxious.

"What do you think is taking him so long?" Masane asked, her question being ignored. But the answer came soon.

One of the doors that go into the holding area for the iWeapons opened and three iWeapons rolled out, looking for their target. They moved into the middle of the street and waited. Takayama looked at his console and cursed when he tried to gain control of the iWeapons.

"Damn, they seem to be working on a different system. Their safeties are off on them too. Why would he do that?" Takayama said.

"Why, what happens if the safeties are off?" Masane asked.

"They iWeapons become unpredictable and don't worry about ammo conservation. This is when they are most dangerous. Even on the battle field, generals know that this is something that you never do. Because the machines will do anything to defeat the enemy, even self-destruction," Takayama said, his face hardening.

"What?! Is he trying to get himself killed?" Masane said, looking for him. A door on the far side of the room opened to reveal Salcito walked toward the machines. He was still wearing his coat, but he had something tucked under his arm. They zoomed in and saw it to be a helmet with a reflective visor.

As Salcito walked farther out, the weapons saw him. He placed the helmet on his head and kept walking toward the machines, shocking the whole group. The iWeapons moved forward, aiming their front cannon's at the man.

"Target acquired," the machines said, all open firing on the man. Masane looked away from the barrage of fire on one target. Smoke filled the area and the machines were unable to see their target.

Suddenly, one of the machines was engulfed in a blue shroud and exploded, causing the other two machines to look at their fallen comrade. This was their mistake as man came running out of the smoke and slammed right into the side of the iWeapon closest to him. The weapon was thrown fifty yards back and on its side.

The other iWeapon looked over and the cannon barrel was grabbed by Salcito. The barrel was under each arm and he squeezed, crushing the

barrel. He then proceeded to lift the machine and throw it at the other one. The iWeapons collided and fell over each other.

As the iWeapons tried to situate themselves, Salcito removed two knives from under his coat and threw them into the machines control panel, causing both machines to detonate. One of the knives came flying back at him, which he caught as it was just about to hit his head. He replaced the knife back under his coat and did a quick look around.

Salcito straightened up and looked up at the control room. Director Takayama, Segawa, and Masane all stood in shock at the whole seen. He took a bow and spoke through the rooms speakers.

"Now do you believe me that I was the best choose to protect the Witchblade?" he said, his voice even and calm. The group was silent.

Salcito walked over to the exit and walked out, prompting the upper group to meet him outside. They were still in shock as the saw him by the door. He had his helmet off and was smoking a cigar. He looked down at the group and little chuckled.

"By the looks on your faces, I made an impression. Good, so Ms. Amaha, I will need to stay near you so as to better protect you. Director Takayama, there is no charge here as I technically don't exist. Anything you have Ms. Amaha do, I will also be present. Are there any questions?"

"Yeah, how were you not destroyed back there?" Masane asked.

"Classified."

"What do you mean classified? Aren't I supposed to trust you to protect my?" Masane asked, placing her hands on her hips.

"Yes, but there are still things I am not allowed to tell anyone. Any other questions?" Salcito said, taking a puff from his cigar.

"Yes, could you please put that out? It's not healthy for you," Director Takayama said, waving away the smoke.

"For you it might be, but I'll do it just because you might get cancer from it," Salcito complied, taking the cigar out and jamming the smoldering end into his helmet. The group looked at him weird. "What? This is a fucking expensive cigar. I paid 750 American dollars for this one cigar. I am going to enjoy it until it's completely gone."

Takayama and Masane both shook their heads at the man, Segawa had left to go get the car for Takayama. Segawa returned with the car and offered a ride to Masane, but Salcito beat him to it.

"No sir, I will be escorting Ms. Amaha around from now on so as to insure that she is protected. Are you ready to leave?"

"Fine, but no funny business while you're staying with me, got it?" Masane ordered.

"Would never think of it ma'am. I have a certain standing that I never fraternize with those I am ordered to protect. It's not good if I have to kill you," the U.N. Agent said, walking over to his car and opening both doors with a single press of his keys.

He got in his side and Masane got in her, then driving away toward Masane's residence. Takayama and Segawa watched them drive away.

"Director, do you believe what he said about the U.N. knowing about the Witchblade being as powerful as they think?"

"Maybe, but it is impossible to find out. They have the best systems on the market for everything, and their people are the best trained. All we can do is hope that he is telling the truth, or we'll be out a lot of money fast. And don't tail him either, I don't want to get on his bad side," Takayama said, crossing his arms and closing his eyes in thought.

"Yes sir, I don't think we would enjoy ending up like our iWeapons did," Segawa said, driving back to Douji, Ind. to continue the rest of the day.

5. Chapter 5

A/N: hey, sorry for not updating for a while. i have been writing my other stories and been needing to get them out. i have also gotten a little lazy and been playing CoD. dont worry, or completely worry, i shall be trying to get this made more quickly. hope you all enjoy and goodnight.

Salcito and Masane pulled into the garage adjacent to the café/apartment complex. Masane got out of the car and turned to confront Salcito. She was not happy.

"Okay, I know that you have secrets, but there is something that you wanted to say," Masane said, standing in front of the U.N. Agent.

"And what gave you that idea?" Salcito said, raising an eyebrow at her.

"Call it a hunch, but I know you're trying to hide something from Douji. So what is it?" Masane asked, thinking he would be easy to get the truth out of.

"Hmm, I guess you're not so devoid of intelligence. Ya, I didn't want to say this to your boss, but after you're gone and all research dealing with the Witchblade will become banned for any company. That even includes the people down at NSWF. These are orders straight down from the U.N." Salcito says, expecting her to do something irrational.

"So what does that mean for me?" Masane asked, her hands once more on her hips.

"Nothing. The U.N. does not endorse the killing of a human, unless under specific circumstances. This isn't one of them. You will be fine, and we have some more things to speak about. These though can

wait until later. Now may we continue on?" Salcito said, his patience wearing thin. Masane sighed and turned to walk back to the caf  .

"Fine, but you had better tell me the whole story," Masane demanded, not looking back at the giant of a man. Salcito just sighed.

"I hate new clients," he mumbled under his breath.

The pair walked in and found that everyone was enjoying a lunch made by Rihoko, everyone surprised to see the U.N. Agent walking in. The enjoyment in the room was gone as they stared at the man, wondering why he had come back. So as to kill the tension in the room, Salcito spoke up.

"Okay, I know this must be awkward for you, it is for me. Masane's boss has placed me to work with her, not to her liking. I'm not too thrilled with being here either, so I'll try to make myself as scarce as possible. Everyone good with that?" Salcito said, being slightly truthful.

"Ya, he's not lying. As much as I hate it, he has to be here. He is though true to his word, so don't expect to see much of him," Masane said, helping to defuse the situation.

"Well, as long as he is willing to pay rent, he can have the top floor," Ms. Natsuki said, being indifferent in the situation.

"Thank you, I'll move my stuff up there. And I can make it so this building isn't demolished. You can have it, I'll just need to talk to a few of my contacts," Salcito said, half turning before being stopped by Ms. Natsuki.

"Wait, how did you know this building was going to be demolished?" she asked, the question on everyone's mind.

"I know more than you may think. This building being torn down is public knowledge, a monkey could have found out about that. I do my research before working somewhere. So do you want the building, or play Twenty Questions till they come to tear it down?" Salcito asked, turning fully around and heading back to retrieve his stuff and take it to his new apartment.

"Where did you find this guy?" Ms. Natsuki asked.

"You don't want to know," Masane answered.

****That Night****

Masane was lying in bed, sound asleep when her special phone rang. She quickly answered it, finding the location to the next Ex-con on it. She got up and quickly left the apartment, leaving a note to Rihoko to go to Mr. Cho in the morning. When she was outside her door, she found Salcito standing there. His cloak was fully wrapped around himself. This startled Masane to almost announcing that she was outside her apartment.

"What are you doing out here?" Masane whispered, not wanting to wake anyone.

"My job, now are you going out?" Salcito asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes, and it is to do my job. Now back off," she hissed, not liking have him follow her.

"Good, then we can travel my way. It's much faster," Salcito said, heading toward the stairs. Masane followed, confused on where he was leading her. They were on the roof as Salcito pulled his hood back and placed the same helmet from on as before.

"I hope you're not afraid of heights," Salcito said, turning around to look at her. She looked into the visor and saw only herself, her nightmare returning. She took a step back, but was quickly scooped up and Salcito ran towards the ledge.

Masane would have screamed had she thought to, but her body shut down from fear. Her eyes were closed as they went over the edge and she opened them when she felt her body jar against Salcito's. She opened her eyes and found that they were on the roof two blocks away. She started to squirm and Salcito set her down.

"How were you able to do that?!" Masane asked, raising her voice higher than needed.

"First off, Shhhh. Second off, I just jumped over here. It wasn't difficult. Now if you don't mind, we have someplace to be," Salcito said, giving Masane a second to think it over.

Sigh"Fine, let's go," Masane said, and was unexpectedly picked up and Salcito jumped from roof top to roof top. She closed her eyes out of instinct and held on, hoping not to puke on the man. She felt them land and take off again more time than she felt was necessary, but didn't dare speak it.

He finally stopped and started to place her down, but her legs didn't take hold. As Masane started to crumble, Salcito held her up and made sure she didn't hit the ground.

"Learn to stand," Salcito said, Masane looked at him with anger.

"I do know how to stand, you need to learn to carry," Masane argued back, causing Salcito to chuckle.

"Ya, ya. I believe our foe is over there, and someone is about to be its next victim," Salcito said, standing on the ledge of the building. Masane looked over and saw what looked like a walking boiler.

Masane's bracelet started to glow, the red light growing. Salcito kept his eye on the boiler, him not caring too much about the Witchblade. She finished transforming and looked at the man.

"Are you ready?" Masane asked, lust in her voice.

"Ya, just don't do anything stupid," Salcito said, standing all the way up. He was turned to look at her when he was grabbed by grappling hook.

"I'm going to make you warm," the massive, round machine said, the

hook and chain exiting its open body cavity.

The chain was quickly pulled, bring the man with it. He slammed into the inside of the round machine and it closed around him. Masane watched as light grew inside the machine, burning up the man inside. She started to go after the Ex-con, her blade protruding from her wrist. She was almost upon the Ex-con, when a fist erupted from the front. She halted her assault then in confusion.

"You are not going to fry me," Salcito said, forcing his way out of the literal belly of the beast.

As he got out, Masane saw that his cloak was burned away and in its place was an armored being. The armor looked heavy and bulky, appearing to be unable to be used by a normal man. The armored man also had an array of weapons on him, ranging from a large pistol to a massive box thing. She was surprised by how quickly he was pulling himself out of the Ex-con.

He grabbed the pistol off his upper thigh and placed the muzzle at the Ex-con's head. He squeezed off a couple of rounds, the head of the machine being turned into a mess. Salcito jumped back, landing on the ground just as the machine exploded. Masane stood in shock and frustration that this man had done what he did.

"That was easy enough," Salcito said, walking over to Masane. She looked at him and saw only her reflection, her dream coming back to her. Fear started to creep into her heart, fear that he might be the one from her dreams. And what he might do to her, and to Rihoko. Masane prepared to attack the man, hoping that she would stop him before he could hurt Rihoko.

A/N: hope you enjoyed. bye now

6. Chapter 6

A/N: see, i said i would try to get chapters out faster. i am trying to keep close to the anime, but at the same time things have to change. i wish you all enjoy it and keep reading.

Masane stood looking at Salcito, frozen in fear. He looked over to her and stared for a few seconds, wondering if she was going to speak first. When she didn't he went ahead.

"Are you just going to keep standing there, or we actually going to do move?" Salcito asked, snapping Masane out of her haze.

"What are you?" she asked.

"Human, just human. We can talk later, motion tracker picking up movement. Presumed not friendly," Salcito said, moving to a position that would provide an excellent view of the park. He pulled out his sniper rifle and set up, the weapon aimed towards the north entrance. Masane didn't move the Witchblade resuming control.

Around the corner came two women who appeared to be in the same type of armor as Masane. One's armor was blue, her weapon circular and large. Salcito made a note not to let that get close to him. The other one was white, no weapon visibly out but she did have what

could be confused as wings. He noted that flight might be plausible. He knew what they were though, the information necessary for him to do his job. He knew that they were Cloneblades. The blue one moved so that she was in front of Masane.

"So this is the Witchblade, I expected it to be more powerful," the blue Cloneblade said.

"you want to see power?" Masane asked, the Witchblade in full control of all functions.

"Yes, but I think that I'll just take you with me instead," the blue Cloneblade said.

"Over my dead body," Salcito said, aiming the rifle right at the Cloneblade.

"That can be arranged," the silver Cloneblade said, prepared to back up her Allie. Before she could finish her sentence, Masane charged at the blue Cloneblade. The two went crashing into a building, out of sight of the U.N. Agents rifle.

"Damn," he cursed to himself, instead moving the rifle to be fixed on the silver Cloneblade. Salcito pulled the trigger with his target in sight, thinking that he would hit home.

The Cloneblade dodged to the side, the bullet missing her by a wide margin. The round buried itself into the wall behind her. Salcito quickly resituated and took aim again, firing a round the second he was one target. Again the Cloneblade moved out of line from the bullet, her speed more than he predicted. He cursed himself and replaced the rifle onto his back, pulling out a handle. He stood at full height and goaded the Cloneblade into charging him.

"Hey, come and get me, bitch," Salcito said, readying himself for her assault. She just laughed at him.

"Do you think I'm that naïve to actually attack head on?"

"I was kinda hoping so," Salcito said, bring his right hand back a little.

"Then you need are a fool to think an opponent would willingly charge without a plan," the Cloneblade said, still talking. Salcito realized what was happening.

She's stalling, but why? Salcito thought, quickly going through all the reasons someone would stall. And he quickly found the most likely one.

"You must think I'm ignorant, but your stalling is over," Salcito said, quickly charging out of his spot. He attempted to pass the Cloneblade, but she had other plans.

The silver Cloneblade tackled into the armored human, hoping to knock him down long enough for her Allie to get the Witchblade. Her hopes were dashed as he was barely pushed and he swung back at her. His fist collided with her side and sent her flying towards the building behind her. She reached the building and used her powerful legs to stop herself from crashing into it. Using the transferred energy, she

launched herself at the massive man.

He knew that exactly where she would collide, and so he primed himself to deliver a bone crushing punch. As the Cloneblade was almost upon him, he swung his fist. It missed by only a few inches, which was more than enough for the Cloneblade to wrap around the human. She then brought out her blade and attempted to sink it into his chest, but his armor was too thick and strong. He grabbed her by her wrist and threw her away, moving to find Masane.

He ran into the building, following the path of destruction that was made. It didn't take him long to get to his target's location. Masane was not in the best condition though.

The blue Cloneblade had Masane pinned, swinging her weapon into Masane's. Each cut put cracks into the Cloneblade, confusing Salcito but he had a job to do. He ran over, grabbing the blue Cloneblade, and flinging her away. He checked on Masane.

"Masane, are you okay?" he asked, checking her pulse. It was weak and getting steadily slower. He saw a van that was moving in, and his internal computer labeled it as Douji. He sighed as he knew that their job was also to keep her safe.

"Come on, I'm getting your ass out of here," Salcito said to no one, picking up the weak Masane. He quickly got her to the van and they opened it up.

"Take her and get out of here, you need to work on her. I have limited medical training, but I need to at least slow these things down. Send me a message when she's out of harm's way," Salcito said, the men in the van just nodding as they took the unconscious Masane.

Salcito turned and found that both Cloneblades stood in front of him. They each stared at him hard, wondering what he was that he was able to hurt them both.

"You just going to stare at me, or are we going to fight?" Salcito asked, taking a neutral stance.

"Yeah, let's go," the blue Cloneblade said, charging at the man. "No man is strong enough to take me."

She was almost on him, her blade ready to slice him shoulder to hip. As her arm came down it was intercepted by the man, his visor looking down on her. He then lifted her by her arm, seeing the cracks in her armor.

"I think it's time that you were shown what a real bad-ass is," Salcito said.

He threw her into the air, powering up his back jets. He made it to her and curled his fingers together, making them able to deliver a more powerful blow. He flew to where he was above her and he brought down his fists, hitting her with the force of a semi-truck moving at over a hundred miles an hour. The blue Cloneblade hurtled towards the ground, nothing moving to try and save her. She hit the ground, a dust cloud emerging from the impact.

As the dust cleared, it was evident that only a non-human could have remotely survived the crash. The blue Cloneblade lay in the crater, her breathing hardly noticeable. The silver Cloneblade stared in horror at the strength displayed by the man. He landed on the ground, it noticeable shaking as his weight hit. He looked at the silver Cloneblade and his gaze made her shiver.

"Take her away and leave the Witchblade alone. This is your one and only warning, next time will result in death of those who attack the Witchblade," Salcito said. He turned away, moving to find the van that had driven away. In an instant he was invisible and gone from the Cloneblades view, leaving her with the dying Cloneblade.

7. Chapter 7

A/N: hey, sorry for the delay. I just got a new computer last week, so I had to get that up to date. then this week, I've been working my ass off. this has not left me much time to write, and for that I apologize. next week will be easier and I will be able to write more often. I hope you enjoy this next chapter, and please R&R

Masane woke up with her head pounding. She was confused and had no idea what was going on. She felt she was in a bed, as there were sheets covering her body. She opened her eyes, seeing she was in a bed. She was in a room; one that had was not the steadiest. It was decorated well, furniture along the walls and a windows showing the clouds water moving past them.

Masane started up, surprised at where she was. She looked around the room to try and find someone and saw a computer open with light flashing on it. The screen had a single message on it.

"Masane: click the answer button."

She wondered at it, and thinking that she might get some answers, she clicked the answer button. She was rewarded with the face of the U.N. Agent, like a very up close look at his face. He saw that she had answered and whatever he was looking at had just become uninteresting.

"Ah, good, you're alive. I'm surprised they actually allowed you to speak to me first, but then again Mr. Takayama doesn't normally converse with naked women," Salcito said, making Masane look at herself and confirm she was naked.

Masane tried to cover herself up with her hands, but her breasts were too big to hide with only one hand. Salcito just sighed as, a sigh that showed his level of current inpatients.

"I know you don't like guys looking at you, so I'll be quick. Rihoko is under the supervision of Cho, so she's good. Yuusuke Tozawa is wondering where you are. He saw you transform and I kick the Cloneblade's ass. He is currently under the order that if this gets out, he will be spending the rest of his life in solitary confinement. And I shall pick you up when you return to land; just wear some clothes, will you?" Salcito said, not waiting for her response as he ended the call.

Masane scowled; she didn't like him, or the fact that she was naked

and he didn't care. She looked around the room and found her clothes neatly folded on a chair next to the computer. After she changed, she moved to the door and found it to be locked. She was mad and relieved at the same time: mad because she was trapped in a room, relieved because only people with the key could have seen her naked. She looked around the room for another way out and only saw the window, but she knew she wouldn't be able to get out that way. She then heard a knock at her door.

"Ms. Amaha, are you awake?" Segawa asked through the door.

"Yeah, I'm up," Masane said. "And thanks for my clothes."

"Of course, Ms. Amaha. May I come in?" Segawa asked.

"Sure," Masane said, watching Segawa walk through the door.

Segawa walked in wearing his signature suit and professional smile. Masane didn't smile back, as she knew that smile he gave was one of practice and had no real sincerity behind it. He stood in the doorway, not wanting to seem intrusive.

"Good to see you awake. Your injuries had healed up nicely, and I'm sure that knowing your daughter is fine helps," Segawa stated.

"And how do you know how Rihoko is?" Masane asked, getting defensive.

"Agent Salcito spoke to you, and he is charged with your protection and wellbeing. Mental wellbeing is part of that," Segawa replied, keeping his voice the same friendly tone.

"Fine," Masane said, trying to remain defiant.

"Director Takayama will see you after he has woken up," Segawa said. "In the meantime, the on board chef would be more than happy to cook something for you, if you would just follow me."

Masane sighed and got up, following the assistant out the door. If she was forced to remain on this boat, then she might as well get the most out of it.

Back at the Apartment Café

Salcito sat at the bar, his trench coat off and on was a type of skin-tight suit. He wasn't caring that everyone who lived in the apartment was looking at him; he was doing something on a hand-held computer and drinking a soda. He pressed a final button on his computer and put it face down on the counter, looking behind him. Everyone tried to look away, but he saw them. All he gave was a chuckle.

"What's so funny, Mr. Salcito?" Rihoko asked, being the only one willing to speak to him.

"Everyone else in this room, don't know what they're looking at?" Salcito replied to the little girl.

"Is it true you work with my mom?" Rihoko asked.

"Of course, why do you ask?"

"Then where is she?"

"With other people at work. I'm on the night shift, so I don't work with her during the day," Salcito replied with a lie.

"Oh, do you know when she'll be back?" Rihoko asked.

"No, but I'll get a call when she can come home and then I have to go pick her up. You can come if you like," Salcito said, Rihoko's face lighting up.

"Really, and in your super-fast car?"

"Yep, I'll tell you when I get the call. Now go with Mr. Cho, he's supposed to be watching you," Salcito said, turning to the rest of the group. "Tazawa, can I speak to you real quick?"

"Sure," Tazawa agreed. The two left, going to the garage and leaving everyone to wonder what they had to talk about.

"Listen, you still remember what I had told you last night?" Salcito asked, locking the door behind them.

"Yeah, you made it real clear when you were in that massive armor you have," Tazawa said sarcastly.

"Good, I just want to make sure you can keep your mouth shut about what Masane is. You can try to tell people, but I can just have you locked up for being mentally insane and then you could have an 'accident'" Salcito said, using his fingers as quotes. This sent a shiver down Tazawa's back.

"Yeah, yeah, I understand. Keep quiet, or I'll be kept quiet," Tazawa said, putting his hands up in defeat.

"Good, then you can go and do whatever," Salcito said, unlocking the door. The two returned to the Café and sat at different ends of the room, Salcito still at the bar and Tazawa in the corner.

Salcito went back to working on his vomputer, occasionally taking sips from his soda. Tazawa pulled out his camera and looked at some old pictures he had, and found one that interested him. He got up and went up the elevator to one of the other floors. A few minutes went by and Salcito moved and followed and went to the same floor.

He went to Cho's floor and opened the door, pressing something on his computer. Cho and Tazawa were looking at the computer screens when they were replaced with a digitized symbol that had an eagle over a globe and a ribbon under it with the letter on it. Both looked behind and found the U.N. Agent standing there, no emotion on his face.

"Mr. Salcito, I didn't hear you come in," Cho said, looking puzzled. Tazawa just scowled at him.

"Good. Now, what you were looking up is now U.N. property. You are not to look up anything with that again, are we understood?" Agent Salcito said, putting forth a forceful aura.

"Yeah, yeah, sure pal. I won't look that up," Cho said, wanting to get the U.N. out of the room. Salcito just nodded and left, the room getting visibly less streeful.

"Man, I do not like him," Tazawa said.

"Yeah, you're telling me. Well, looks we cant find that boat. But we can find out what that symbol is, I'm sure that is has to exist if it's here," Cho said, finding the next challenge delightful.

"Yeah, do it." And the two spent the next three hours listening and looking for the origin of the symbol. When they were done, they had more information on the new occupant then they thought was legal. And it was information that scared them both, mostly for Masane and Rihoko's safety. Now they had to figure out what to do with the information.

8. Chapter 8

****A/N: okay, first, I know this is a longer chapter. I had a lot to say, and had to really move the story. now, I did skip a few parts and change a efw things from the anime. this is because I can, I am the writer. I did try to keep the characters as close as possible. now, it will seem that I am focusing on the OC, but that is part of the story.****

****And for those of you who laugh during this story, good job.****

*****Disclaimer: I do not Halo or Witchblade*****

****Undisclosed location, open-water****

Masane and Takayama sat in front of each other, Takayama finally awakening from his nap. He was sipping from a bottle of water, Masane holding a glass of orange juice.

"Where are we?" Masane asked, initiating the conversation.

"Out at sea. We had to get you away from the Cloneblades, and this was the fastest way. Agent Salcito was not pleased to say the least, but he is willing to let this go considering we did get you fixed up," Director Takayama said.

"Yeah, I got that when we talked briefly," Masane agreed.

"I'm sure. He was very adamant that he be the first one to speak with you, considering he's supposed to be protecting you. I can understand his side, but you are also a part of Douji. We also have a responsibility to keep you alive," Director Takayama said. "He does care about your health, even though it is in a professional manner."

"I think I got that. You could have left me clothed for the talk with him, you know," Masane said.

"Did he object?"

"Well, no. In fact, he didn't seem to care if I was clothed. It was like he doesn't look at women that way," Masane reflected.

"We thought the same thing, so I did some digging. I found that the U.N. actually doesn't have the security level he said they did; only he has it. But we only found the basic information on him and a few censured documents. I printed them out for you to see," Takayama said, placing some pieces of paper on the table.

Masane picked them up and started to read them and quickly found a major discrepancy on them.

"Most of this is just black lines with a few scattered words," Masane said, placing the sheets on the table.

"I know. This document is labeled 'Recruitment' online. All of the sheets are like this, and the only words able to be found are 'Officer Smith', which is a fake, 'Salcito', and the acronym 'U.N.S.C', and handfuls of common used words thrown around," Takayama informed, taking a sip from his water. "Nothing else can be found on this guy by our research department."

"There is definitely something weird about this, and I don't like it," Masane said.

"Same here, but there is nothing we can do. He has the proper clearance, and when I contacted the U.N. they told me to listen to Agent Salcito. I can't do anything about him, but you can. You are technically his client, so he has to listen to you with certain things," Takayama said.

"Really, so I can order him around?" Masane asked.

"Maybe, but I don't know for certain. You'll have to see how far you can push the envelope, but be careful because he can push back," Takayama suggested, dropping the topic. "Now to get to those who attacked you last night. They work for NSWF; they use what's called a Cloneblade. It's essentially a replica of the Witchblade that you bear, but not as powerful. They are still a foe you should not underestimate, as they are still very strong and each can have their own weapon."

"If they're so powerful, how was the U.N. creep able to escape?" Masane asked.

"He threw one of them into the ground from about eight stories up," Takayama said matter-of-factly.

"Wait, what do you mean 'threw' one in the ground?"

"He used some type of a rocket boost and slammed the Cloneblade that was fighting you into the ground, creating a massive crater. She was alive, is just barely. The strength he has is unlike anything else, and the technology just blows anything we have out of the water. And if that was him holding back, I don't think even the Witchblade at full power could take him down," Takayama said, allowing the information to settle.

"I guess that I have something to thank him for, then," Masane said, still trying to process the information. Just then, a deck hand came

into the cabin.

"Director Takayama, we have movement. It appears to be a Cloneblade," the deck hand said.

"Then get ready, we are not losing the Witchblade."

****NSWF Computer log****

Subject: unknown combatant

Incident: attempted capture of Witchblade

Subject report: Subject is male, as body figure was factor along with tone of voice. Subject was wearing an advanced armor system, one that is unidentifiable. Subject had strength that was beyond that of any human, and reflexes surpassed those of any Cloneblade subject. Weapons choice suggests military background, either Russia or America, unable to identify which.

Incident Report: Subject severely injured Cloneblade Shiori. Shiori was thrown into the air and the subject flew up and slammed her into the ground. Subject landed and placed a warning, signifying itself as the protector of the Witchblade. Unable to identify if subject if Douji or external. If external, then the situation might escalate. Unable to determine with current data.

Extra Notes: recommend that if any Cloneblade finds herself in combat with Subject, they are to retreat and not engage. If retreat is not an option, then extreme measures are allowed. Subject can also turn invisible.

****End Report****

Salcito waited at the docks Takayama said the boat would be docking at, his gaze directed at the water. He was in a new trench coat, this one seeming cheaper than the other one. Rihoko was unable to control her excitement for her mother returning.

"Mr. Salcito, when is my mom going to be here?" Rihoko asked for the tenth time.

"In about ten minutes, if Director Takayama is able to keep to the time schedule," Salcito said, keeping his voice calm. He pulled out his cigar and lit it, puffing on it. "Don't worry, she'll be here."

"Okay, I trust Mr. Takayama to get her here safe," Rihoko said, determination on her face. "Mr. Salcito, do you have a first name?"

Salcito was taken aback by the unexpected question, unable to answer her quickly. He snapped himself out of the lock and looked at her, confusion in his face.

"I only have the name you know, Salcito. I might have had one at another point, but I don't remember it," Salcito said.

"Why don't you remember it?" Rihoko asked.

"Because I have only been called by Salcito-148 for most of my life," Salcito said.

"Who named you that?" she asked.

"Classified," Salcito answered, turning back to look at the water. He didn't have his armor on, but he could still make out the boat moving towards the shore.

He knew Rihoko couldn't see the vessel yet, but he did keep his cigar lit. He looked at Rihoko out of his peripheral vision and saw she had a small trickle of sweat fall down her face. He went to the front of his car and opened the hood, revealing a cooler. He pulled out a water bottle and Miller Lite, passing the water to Rihoko.

"Here, it's hot outside," Salcito said, opening the beer and taking a drink from it.

"You shouldn't be drinking if you need to drive us home," Rihoko said.

"We'll be fine, considering I can drink twice what your mother does and still remain sober enough to drive," Salcito said, laughing at that fact. "Talking about your mother, if you look out there you should be able to see her boat."

Rihoko didn't wait and ran forward, standing as close to the water as possible. A car drove up and stopped, a woman getting out of the vehicle. She had long hair and was wearing business style clothing. She walking up to the U.N. Agent and stood next to him.

"Nice to see you again," Salcito said, instantly recognizing her from the fight. She looked up at him in surprise and her blade started to glow. "I'm not here to fight you, and I don't think you want me to fight you. I'm just here to pick up Masane."

"And why should I believe you?" the woman asked.

"Because, I know you work for NSWF and that your name is Reina Soho. If I had wanted to kill you, I would have already," Salcito answered to the shocked Reina, taking a sip from his drink.

"How do you know that much?" Reina asked, her not even being able to find anything on him.

"Google, what else?" Salcito joked at her. "I will tell you, NSWF has some pretty good security measures. For children, not really against me. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a package to pick up."

He started to walk down to the lower level before turning around.

"Oh, one more thing; I changed the name of your company to NSFW, just to see if people notice," Salcito said, turning and continuing down the steps.

Reina had no idea what to say, and just stood on the docks with a look as shocked disbelief as the trio left for their home.

****Apartment/Café: hours before****

The residents of the apartments all sat in the café part, the window blinds down and the place locked for the night. Tazawa and Cho stood in front of everyone, making sure they had everybody.

"Okay, I'm sure you're all wondering why we are having this meeting," Tazawa started.

"Damn right, you made me close shop for the day, so this better be worth it," Mariko said.

"It is. Now, yesterday when me and Cho were looking for a boat that Masane was on, the watch dog closed what we were doing. He placed a symbol on Cho's computer and told us not to look up anything on the boat, so we looked up this symbol," Tazawa said, passing around a print out of the UNSC symbol.

"So I checked with a few of my friends. Took some digging, but we were able to find some pictures from a crash site in Russia," Cho said, passing around some pictures he got from the internet.

The image was of a massive, jagged piece of metal with the letters UNSC on the side. The date on the picture was only a few years ago, compelling the others to really start to pay attention. Tazawa got back to the front to keep talking.

"We also found a report made by the Russians that was not destroyed or tampered with. Unfortunately we were unable to print it, for the document started to delete itself after we read it a few times," Tazawa explained, confusing the occupants.

"What do you mean, 'delete itself?'" Mariko asked.

"We think it was that U.N Agent guy trying to hide something. But, Cho and I read it enough times that we can accurately recite it to you all," Tazawa answered.

"That's right, and you all will be very surprised at what you hear," Cho said.

"The document saidâ€|"

****Russian Research Report****

Project D³/₄N, D⁰N[€]N<N̄, D, Dμ

Findings: The inside of the vessel was massive, large enough to hold an entire city population. The weapon supply on board was for an army of a small nation, and the vehicle count was high as well. The bodies on board have been found to have suffocated, and doors had to be forced open to find some. Ice crystals have been found, indicating the inside of the vessel was exposed to the cold of space.

The only power found was being used to keep what appeared to be cryo-stasis pods working. Only three pods were operational, pods have been taken to see if they could be opened. Occupants appeared to be human, but cannot be confirmed at moment.

Unable to find a computer storage room to find the records of the

vessel, search has been slow because evidence suggests that part of the vessel is missing. This is a perplexing thought, because if a vessel of this size crashed and was damaged, then something bigger would have had to engage this vessel in combat. If the winner of the battle was to visit Earth today, what would they want?

Additive notes: The United Nations is taking control of the investigation, all photographs and documents have been seized. Threats of life imprisonments have been delivered to anyone who reveals what they had seen.

Head Researcher In charge: Doctor Igorek, _Doctor Igorek_

****End Report****

The café was silent as they thought this over, and then all thoughts went to that fact that he was with little Rihoko and Masane alone. They all decided that when he got there, Salcito would not be living in Japan any longer.

****A/N:** hope you enjoyed. also, I won't be updating for a while. the rest of this month and the first half of the next will be focused on one story, then the same thing for a different story. after that, I will then do something for this story. and this pattern will continue, I hope. please review. Also, I hope you all like the change I did to the cover page. I love photoshop******

9. Chapter 9

****A/N:** well, I got this out a little sooner than I thought. but that's okay, as I know some people have been waiting for the full story of our Spartan friend. I hope you all enjoy this chapter, it can be a bit vague at times. I did this because he might be intelligent, but not always detailed. and remember, R&R.******

****Apartment complex****

Masane and Rihoko walked into the café part of the apartment, not expecting everyone to be there. They saw Masane and got a little cheery, just before Salcito walked in behind her. If looks could kill, Salcito would have died a hundred times over. He instantly knew that this was not a friendly situation in the least.

"I guess this has something to do with me?" Salcito asked, crossing his arms.

"That depends, are we talking to a human or alien?" Cho asked, taking a command position for the group.

"So I guess you were able to find files pertaining to the crash site? If so, then you only got a small portion of the story. But I will not tell it to a group of angry civilians, so suggest you all make sure that you won't try to interrupt me while I speak," Salcito said, seeing the expressions on everyone's face. "Now you must listen, as I will only tell you all this once.

"I am not from here. Now, that does not mean I'm not human. I was not born on Earth, or in recent times either. I was born on the planet

Reach, a fortress world for humans in my time. I was born on April 8th, 2502. At the age of eight, I was taken by the Office of Naval Intelligence to participate in the Spartan Program. This program was designed to create super-soldiers to perform covert anti-terrorism efforts. Most of the details are still classified, and shall remain so.

"In 2522, one of humanities farming worlds was attacked by a conglomerate of alien species known as the Covenant. They saw humans as a blight on the galaxy and began attempting to exterminate us. We fought them for close to thirty years, and have only been able to slow them.

"I was on board the U.N.S.C. frigate _Sunset's Light._ We were being called back to Reach for an operation against the Covenant Hierarchy, but my ship never made it. We were attacked by a Covenant cruiser just as we made the jump to slip-space. Plasma rockets hit our ship and turned it sideways, removing the front of the ship to the rear and turning it to dust. I was the only Spartan on board and was in cryo-stasis along with a squad of ODS's who personally follow me to hell.

"I know this as the A.I. on board left a message to any surviving crew members as to what happened. Most of the pods had shut down due to lack of power. The engines on board had started to go critical and were ejected. The explosion threw the ship out of slip-space, sending it flying through multiple dimensions and ending up in the atmosphere of your Earth. Only three pods were operational; mine, Lt. Samantha Morantz, and Corporal James Kellens. We all awoke at some U.N. facility in Belgium.

"It was there that we discovered what happened, and its best to say that it didn't go over well. James had a wife and kid on the way back on Earth. He committed suicide with a pen on the table. Sam, she started to cry. She had been through hell, but there was always someone there to help her. She had felt alone. I comforted her after James killed himself.

"Most Spartans were reserved and didn't try to know the marines around them. I was different, as the process that was used on me was slightly flawed. It was supposed to make us the best soldiers, and raging hormones was not allowed. The process to remove that from me failed, but it made me stronger and faster than my brothers and sisters. I compensate, I was placed on a ship and given missions that made it so I would remain in cryo-stasis for most of the time. Didn't work too well as I still was able to develop a relationship with Sam.

"Sam and I were offered a position working with the U.N., as they were trying to build a true world government. But they didn't have enough agents to do the job, and with the level of training Sam and I had out matched that off even the most seasoned veteran from any nation. We were able to keep using the weapons retrieved from the _Sunset's Light_, and so we went to work.

"That was five years ago, and if you paid attention to the news, you would have noticed the U.N. was gaining power and a military peace force. That's because of me and Sam. We have taken down terrorists, dictators, international criminals, pirates, etc. The U.N. was good to use, even though they gave us mandatory leave after missions. Sam

stopped coming on missions after she got pregnant, so I took jobs that didn't offer up much danger. And we went with her version of danger, as my version of danger is a lot higher than hers. She remains at the U.N. training camps now, teaching the new people how to be a true soldier.

"Now, I use a hyper-advance armor system that is made from a titanium alloy and has an experimental power system consisting of a micro-nuclear reactor and a plasma-fusion reactor. This armor weighs close to one ton, but I can handle it. Now for why I am here is completely up to whether Masane wants you to know. If not, then I shall keep quiet as well. Any questions?" Salcito finished, surprised the whole room was able to keep quiet the whole time. Masane was first to ask.

"So, what's your full name?"

"Oh, right. Sorry, didn't tell you all. I'm Salcito-148. There were only 150 eligible Spartans, so each of us was numbered accordingly," Salcito answered.

"So you have been living here with weapons under my roof and didn't tell me?" Mariko asked, her temper rising.

"Yes, and I actually have no obligation to tell you. As a U.N. agent, I do not need to inform anyone of what is in my possession," Salcito informed her.

"Do you honestly expect us to believe you? You could have made up that story on the spot," Cho said, worried about Rihoko's safety.

"Your right, I could be lying to you right now. But I can still have you all taken to a facility and locked up for the fact that I told you all classified information. And I prove I'm not lying, did you notice the document delete itself as you read it?" Salcito said.

"Iâ€¦uhâ€¦umâ€¦I, uh," Cho couldn't think of anything to say.

"I'll take that as a yes, this is because Sam and I have been looking for all forms of documentation of the _Sunset's Light_ and keeping it from falling into the wrong hands. I actually have to thank you, for if you hadn't found it, then I would have never known it existed. And I will not have you persecuted, as there is no document to prove you have read it, is there?" Salcito said. Cho still didn't know what to say and just nodded.

"Good, any more questions for me?"

"yeah, did you have a boy or a girl?" Rihoko asked.

"Well, I'll have to tell you when I find out. She still hasn't had the baby yet, but she will soon," Salcito said, getting down and telling Rihoko on her level.

"Can I meet him or her?" Rihoko asked.

"Sure, when I have a date, so will you," Salcito replied, earning a smile from Rihoko.

Everyone else looked at the scene with confusion, wondering if they should be worried or ecstatic. Even Masane didn't know what to say, considering that he was there to protect her. One person though had caught on to what Salcito had said just a few moments prior.

"Masane, why is he here? He said you had to tell us, why is that?" Mariko asked.

"I think I want to Masane real quick, just to insure she doesn't say anything classified," Salcito said, grabbing Masane by the arm and leading her outside.

"Hey, I thought you said that it was up to me to tell them?" Masane said, her irritation rising.

"It is, but you need to think about this rationally. The only reason they partly believe what I've said is because they have proof. Tazawa knows, but he can't tell unless I allow him to. We cant prove anything to them about what you are, unless you want to activate the Witchblade. And that would involve putting your life in some form of danger," Salcito quickly spoke, almost too fast for Masane to keep up.

"Wait, what type of danger?" Masane asked first, ignoring the rest that the Spartan said.

"Me, and my fist," Salcito deadpanned, no real emotion in his face.

"Oh, fine. I won't tell them. But what do I tell them?" Masane agreed.

"That you are under contract about important information that the U.N. needs to protect until certain matters pass. I have a hundred different scenarios that you could use, or just keep it in the 'you-don't-know-anything-just-look-pretty' general speech," Salcito said, his answer coming faster than Masane expected.

"You've thought about this a lot, haven't you?" Masane asked.

"Yep, it helps to be ready for every situation," Salcito answered.

"Fine, but I don't like lying to people," Masane said, once again agreeing to Salcito. She realized she was doing it a lot, and didn't like it at all.

"Good, then we can go back and join those back inside," Salcito said, opening the door and allowing her to walk in.

Everyone eyed Salcito like he was a disease and needed to be purged, all thinking he was manipulating Masane to say what he wanted. And they would be right. Masane told them what Salcito had told her to say, and he had to admit that she put some effort into trying to convince them it was the truth. Then they asked what the information was, which then the conversation once again left Masane.

"Classified. If it was information normal people could hear, it wouldn't be important enough. In this department, Masane has no say in whether she can talk about it. The risks are too great for her," Salcito said, getting murdered by the looks.

"I don't know if I want you living here anymore," Mariko said, distrust growing in the whole group.

"Same here," Cho said, Tazawa backing him up.

"Fine, but â€" Salcito started, before the front of the caf  blew in.

The force from the blast knocked everyone down, shards of glass flying and hitting everyone. In the former window stood a figure that also glared at Salcito. He looked up and saw that an Elite and two Hunters stood above him.

"Shit," Salcito said, jumping into action.

He wasn't wearing his armor that day, the suit was running a diagnostic on itself as per protocol after facing a new foe. He cursed his luck, pulling out his single handgun. Lucky for him, he had plenty of ammo to hold off a single Elite, but not enough to hold off two Hunters as well. Glass was stuck in his back, but he ignored it as the adrenaline started to course through his veins at an increasing rate.

The Elite wasted no time and charged at the Spartan, no weapon drawn which surprised Salcito temporarily. The two collided, the Elite hitting Salcito as hard as it could. Salcito was caught off guard as he flipped the Elite over his head and stood up, being grabbed by one of the Hunters.

"Stupid human, we are your salvation through death. You should be thanking me for ending your life," the Elite said.

"You know how many Elites I've killed before you? I'll give you a hint around five capital ship loads," Salcito spoke back, trying to anger the Elite.

"You are one of the demons! I shall take pleasure in ending your life," the Elite said, pulling out a plasma knife. As the Elite was about to shove it in between Salcito's ribs, the Elite had forgotten to disarm the Spartan.

Three shots sounded as the close proximity was enough to bypass the shields and hit the alien without any resistance. Each round entered and exited the alien, holes becoming a feature in the Elite's chest cavity. The alien slumped down, dead from each round piercing the alien's heart. The Hunters got furious and confused at the same time. They had only been ordered to hold the human, and wait for further instructions from the Elite.

"You guys going to drop me?" Salcito asked the Hunters, not expecting them to.

They did something of a shrug and let him go, dropping him to the floor. He got up and looked at the Hunters, not knowing what to do next. The two just stared at him, looking for a command.

"How long were you two in the Covenant?" Salcito asked.

A deep growling could be heard, and the vibrations felt from the noise. It was a weird sensation to say the least, each one trying to communicate at the same time. Words though were able to register.

"_We were never a part of the Covenant. We were grown from samples brought with a Sangheili by the National Scientific Welfare Foundation. We were sent to fight with the Sangheili that brought us here, but we didn't agree with its plan or its hate for humans. You have defeated him, so we will follow your orders from now,"_ the Hunter said, its English was perfect. But Salcito was not entirely convinced.

"_And why did the Sangheili work with NSWF to begin with?" _Salcito asked, keeping the conversation private.

"_They had discovered his ship, laying many miles from yours. They saved him and he owed them a life debt. He had every intention though that after your death, he would have regained his lost honor and left the humans to continue his work," _the other Hunter said, causing fear to enter Salcito's mind.

"_Did the Sangheili speak of other ships that might have made it?" _Salcito quickly asked.

_ "He spoke often of how he wished to bring the fleet here, but his communications were unable to find anything," _the first Hunter answered, Salcito releasing a breath.

"_Good, then we don't have to worry about any more Covenant,_" Salcito said, now relaxing.

"What the fuck are those thing?!" a voice behind the Spartan.

"Ah, shit."

A/N: hope you enjoyed. I am planning to make a Christmas special. I am telling you this now, as i want to do this with all of my stories. so no update until then.

10. Christmas Special

Masane looked around the cafÃ©, happy at the work they had put into it. A decent sized tree stood in the corner, decorations adored the evergreen. Green and red lights hung around the line between the ceiling and walls, the feeling of the holiday taking root. She hadn't seen Salcito all day, and she was actually getting worried.

Rihoko had wanted to get something for her, and Salcito offered to take her shopping. She knew Rihoko would be safe, but she still didn't like that she was with him all day. Most of the other residence had been out getting things for the party later that night, each of them splitting up the tasks. Michael was in charge of getting plates and utensils, Mariko not wanting to use all her dishes for a house party. Nor her drinks, so she was off getting ones specifically for the party. Tazawa and Cho had been charged with food, all of them

hoping that they wouldn't get crappy supplies. And Naomi was getting presents for everyone, considering she could tell what people wanted.

Masane sighed as she thought back a couple of months, when the café was attacked. If it hadn't been for that, the people here would never have believed him. Masane was glad it was behind them and they could continue their lives. Masane plugged the last of the lights in when a car pulled up to the front window. Salcito got out of the vehicle and quickly headed inside.

"Hey, Masane, Rihoko doesn't want you to see your present. She wants you to go upstairs and wait until it's finished being wrapped," Salcito asked, Masane shaking her head.

"Oh really, and why isn't she telling me this?" Masane asked, trying to get some answers. It was her daughter after all.

"Because she's holding your present, she didn't want to let it leave her sight until it was wrapped," Salcito explained.

"Fine, but only because Rihoko wants me to," Masane said, walking up the stairs and towards her room.

Masane shook her head at how well the Spartan was able to interact with Rihoko. She didn't completely trust him, considering he felt himself invincible, but she knew she could trust him when it came to Rihoko. She checked her phone and it still had the message from Director Takayama, telling her to enjoy the Christmas holiday and to be careful. She sighed, knowing he only told her that because the future soldier told him to give her a holiday. She didn't mind, but knew Takayama wouldn't do it on his own free will.

"Okay, you can come out now," Salcito yelled from down stairs.

Masane came back down and saw the first box under the tree. It had red and green striped wrapping paper, with a red bow on top. Rihoko had a massive smile on her face, one that Masane knew to be of pride. Salcito had his phone to his ear, talking to someone on the other end.

"Yes, I know what today is," Salcito said, pausing as the other person on the phone talked.

"I wish I could be there too, but I still have a job here."

"â€|"

"Don't worry; I have a surprise for you. Call me when you get it. Love you," Salcito finished, hanging up the phone and replacing it in his pants pocket.

He wasn't wearing his heavy armor, or normal trench coat. Instead, he was wearing a very festive sweater and blue jeans. He actually seemed like a normal person, if by normal you mean six feet, nine inches and bristling with muscles. He looked at Masane, she giving him a questioning look.

"What, you never talked to wife on phone?" Salcito asked, giving Masane the same look.

"No, considering I don't have a wife," Masane answered.

"Okay then, don't judge me," Salcito said, pretending to be hurt.

"Maybe I will," Masane joked back, able to mostly tell when he is joking too.

"Are you two fighting?" Rihoko asked, unable to tell with the two adults.

"No, we are actually joking with each other. Why don't you show mommy what I got for you?" Salcito said.

"Oh, no. What did you get her?" Masane asked.

"Look mommy!" Rihoko said, excitement evident in her voice.

Rihoko pulled out a watch, one that was big enough for her wrist. It had a digital face on it, telling the time and the date. It had a pink finish on it and used Velcro to remain on her arm. Masane was a little surprised at the gift, wondering why Salcito thought it important to give her that.

"It's a digital clock and calendar, able to show the time in both a twelve hour and twenty-four hour time; and show to current date number and day. There is also a GPS chip inside, so you can always know where Rihoko is," Salcito informed Masane.

"Can't other people use the GPS chip and track her as well?" Masane asked, thinking about the NSWF.

"No, the signal is on a frequency that cannot be read by modern tracking. I have a tracker here that is set to the frequency in the chip," Salcito said, pulling out a PDA looking device. "This thing will show you where you are, she is, and the distance needed to travel to get to her. Very advanced, won't be on the market for another ten years."

"How did you manage that?" Masane asked, crossing her arms.

"Because I made it, the U. N. doesn't even know about to this yet," Salcito answered.

Masane unfolded her arms and moved back down to Rihoko. The two hugged and Rihoko asked if there was anything she could help with. Masane didn't have anything for her, until she heard Tazawa's pulling into the garage.

"You can help cook, because that should be the food," Masane told her daughter.

"Okay mommy," Rihoko agreed, running over to help Tazawa and Cho with the groceries.

"You're raising a good kid," Salcito complimented.

"Thank you, but I thinks more she's raising me sometimes," Masane admitted.

"Maybe, but children will have effect on you. I don't yet, but I'm sure I will soon," Salcito told Masane, his phone ringing. "She got my present."

"How do like it?" Salcito asked into the phone.

"I love it," a voice said loud enough for Masane to hear.

"Okay, I'll see you in a few hours. Love you," Salcito said, making a kissing noise before hanging up.

"What was that?" Masane asked, confused by the actions of the super soldier.

"Oh, right, we're going to have another guest for dinner," Salcito answered.

"And you thought it was a good idea not asking anyone here if it was a good idea?" Masane question.

"Yes," Salcito answered. Masane just shook her head, giving up on try to figure out the man's logic.

"Whatever, are you going to help in any other way?" Masane asked.

"Looks like you got everything done already, what do you need my help for?" Salcito asked back.

Masane just stayed quiet, not wanting to argue with the super-soldier. She went behind the counter and started to wash the dishes that had been placed from that morning. The was fast, but it was long enough for Salcito to leave and find something else to do. She sighed, knowing he was already going beyond his job description by helping her with Rihoko. She was about to find something to do when the rest of the occupants arrived back.

Everyone then went to work getting tables together and setting them dinner. Presents started to fill out the underside of the tree, giving a deeper feeling of the holidays. As everything was finishing up, the sound of an engine could be heard coming from the roof. Everyone ran to the elevator and ascended to the roof. They found a machine descending onto the roof, a jet of high-tech design.

As the vehicle touched down, Salcito climbed up onto the side of the cockpit and proceeded to assist the rear occupant out of the vehicle. He held the person, obvious to being a woman who was pregnant, and jumped down from the jet. He made sure she was steady on her feet before waving off to the pilot. The guy nodded and took back off into the air, reaching altitude and taking off at super sonic speeds in but a few seconds.

The vehicle was gone and everyone now acknowledged the occupant. She removed her helmet and revealed her face, slightly scared but still maintaining her feminine features. She shook her head slightly and allowed her dark hair to fall out of the bun, it reaching only the top of her shoulders. She looked at everyone and smiled, acting as

though she has known all of them.

"So these are the people who you live with?" The woman asked Salcito.

"Yep, everyone, this is Captain Samantha Morantz. Sam, these are the people who live here," Salcito said, everyone quickly realizing who was standing in front of them.

"Hello," she greeted them, speaking almost perfect Japanese.

"Hi, are you Mr. Salcito's wife?" Rihoko asked, her being the social butterfly.

"Why yes I am, and you must be Rihoko. Salcito has told me a lot about you, I'm happy to finally meet you," Samantha said, kneeling down so as to talk to Rihoko on her level.

"Thank you, it's nice to meet you too," Rihoko replied, smiling the whole time.

"Well, I hope I have a little girl just like you," Samantha complimented.

At this time, everyone was out of their stupor and ready to greet Samatha. As each person greeted her, they were very surprised at how well she spoke Japanese.

"Well, who do you think had to teach him?" Samatha asked, joking slightly.

"Well, at least we bought enough for everyone," Tazawa commented.

"How about we head back down and eat, I think I speak for all of us when I say we're hungry," Salcito said, everyone agreeing with him.

They all headed down and started to fill up the table, a new set of plates and utensils set out for Samantha. She had removed the flight suit she was in and everyone could see that even though she was pregnant, she could still take down a trained veteran. She sat next to Salcito and once everyone was seated the food was served and dinner commenced.

The conversation was kind and friendly, everyone in a good mood becausebecause of that holidays. Drinks flowed from cup to cup, each time passing Rihoko and Samantha. The night started to get later and later, the time closing till the new day. Rihoko was the first to start to ssleep, follwed by other occupants not that far behind.

Eventually only Salcito and Masane were awake, the latter barely able to stand. She stumled up the stairs, only making it to the second floor. She was about to get up and try to move when she tripped again, only to be caught before her head could hit the railing.

"How am I supposed to protest you if you keep trying to hurt yourshurt?" Salcito asked, draping an arm over her to help steady her.

"Shut...*Hic*...up," Masane tried to argue, but knew she couldn't.

"Come on, let's get you off to bed," Salcito said, half carrying Masane to her room.

He placed her in her bed, Masane mumbling some form of thanks. Salcito just shook his head and left the room, Masane already asleep. With all the occupants asleep, Salcito got to work placing out the gifts he got in secret.

****Christmas Morning****

The people in the apartment were used to a quiet morning, so a little girl running from room to room waking everyone up was unheard of. Rihoko was excited, not having a holiday with so many people before. The first thing made was coffee, as it was the only thing able to wake the adults.

They were groggy, and it seemed a miracle that they could actually make it down. Rihoko passed around everyone's presents, then all not really paying attention. As sleep was washed away, the spirit of the holiday returned and everyone once more enjoying themselves.

The day was peaceful and kind, as were the next few days. As the holiday official came to a close, things started to return to the semi-normal life that the people were mostly used to. With the holiday over, the Ex-cons would once more be on the minds for both the Witchblade and the Spartan.

11. Chapter 10

****A/N: hello, sorry for the long break and not posting anything. my excuse: life. and again, sorry for the short chapter, but I just wanted to put something out so you know that I am still alive. the next part will be out after I finish the next chapter for "Shadows Hold More Than Secrets" so expect it at that time.****

The next few days went by in a type of blur. Salcito was away for most of the day, only returning at night to do more work in his room. The front of the building was quickly repaired in just a few hours, the people working in it were in and out before any questions could be asked. Whenever someone would try and talk to Salcito to figure out what had exactly happened, he would just ignore them and get back to doing whatever it was he was doing. It wasn't until a week later that he came down to breakfast with everyone.

Rihoko and Mariko had made miso soup and steamed rice. Everyone was enjoying their breakfast when Salcito walked down the steps into the main room of the café, everyone looking and surprised at what they saw. Salcito looked tired. His eyes were red with bags hanging underneath them, his face unshaven and hair unruly. His shoulders slouched, arms dangling by his side. Each step was more of a shuffle, moving him across the floor with pain effort.

He took a seat at a table near the group and hung his head in his hands, a heavy sigh the only thing he said. Rihoko was the first to move and offered him some breakfast.

"Here, hope you enjoy it," Rihoko said, placing a bowl in front of Salcito. He just looked at her and nodded. She smiled at him and went back to sitting next to Masane, continuing to eat her meal. He looked down at the food and used his spoon to slowly fish out the liquid. No words left his mouth as he ate, his thoughts crowded with something. Masane soon had enough with Salcito moping when he finished his meal.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?" Masane asked, walking over to the super-soldier. He just looked up at her and shook his head, not speaking a word. "Hey, I'm try to get answer out of you."

Salcito ignored her and continued back up to his room. Masane though was not going to let it go and chased after him, thinking to catch him off guard. That was not the case for when she moved up the steps and he was once more standing tall and healthy. This through Masane off, she not knowing what to do next.

"Sorry for not telling you, but all that down there was an act," Salcito started. "I had to make myself seem like I've been over worked, which I have, but to make it seem that I was trying to fix everything, which I am."

"That doesn't make any sense, why do you need to act like you've work your ass when you have?" Masane asked.

"Because, I have been through worse, so a little paper work is nothing for me. I did it as a way to make it seem that I'm human, which I'm pretty sure worked. A normal person would have been beat and unable to leave their room so early after finishing up the amount of work I've had. In a few days, I'll socialize again, but for now I'll be your silent protector for when you are sent out to work," Salcito explained.

"Wow, when you said you've prepared for everything, you weren't joking," Masane said.

"Yep, now of you'll excuse me, I need to finish up a report for my superiors at the U.N." Salcito excused himself.

"About what?" Masane asked.

"The first battle against the Covenant. They want to build up a force in case the threat is real," Salcito said.

"And is it?" Masane asked, worry quickly creeping into her voice.

"I don't know, but if it is, it's a long ways off. The Covenant didn't find humanity until in the early 26th century, and that was on a far off planet that they had found us on. The chance of them finding us now is slim and none," Salcito explained, calming Masane down.

"Good, I don't want to have to keep worrying about stuff like that then," Masane sighed. "Good luck, I guess."

Salcito just nodded and continued up the stairs, leaving Masane alone to go back down with everybody else. As she returned down, someone else was down stairs. She looked familiar, which Masane realized was

the woman standing by the pier when Salcito had brought her home. And Masane knew she worked for the NSWF.

"What are you doing here?" Masane asked.

"Allow me to introduce myself; My name is Reina, and I'm here to get my daughter back."

12. Chapter 11

****A/N:** Hello readers. im sorry for the long delay, as I have been working on my other stories, school, and getting accepted into the U.S. Navy. my ship date is August 13, so im going to work as hard as possible to get more chapters done before then. Hope you all enjoy and don't forget to R&R******

****CafÃ©****

The whole group stood in shock, none of them expecting this at all. Reina stood in the room, looking around and finding Rihoko. She smiled at the little girl, getting a nervous response from her. Salcito had moved to the stairs, hiding in the shadows as he watched what was happening fold out.

"What do you mean, 'get your daughter back?'" Masane asked, not happy at how the day was commencing.

"I was unsure about what had happened to my daughter until I saw you return with my daughter waiting for you. It was then that I searched and found that she was mine, and I wish to have her back," Reina said, earning only silence.

Salcito took a few more steps down, ready to enter the conversation as quickly as possible. Masane hung her head, afraid that someone would take Rihoko away from her. It wasn't until the same lady that kept trying to take Rihoko away before walked in and handed Reina a pack of papers.

Reina opened them and quickly read them, handing the necessary papers to Masane. She took them and read, tears coming to her eyes quickly. She would have dropped the paper, had Reina not taken it back.

"I will give you a few minutes before we leave, I am sorry to do this to you last minute. Come down when you are finished," Reina offered, walking to the front of the cafÃ© and waiting for them to finish.

Salcito walked in and slithered his way next to Reina, not allowing her to know his position until he was ready.

"How about we have a little chat outside, shall we?" He asked, startling Reina. She glared at him, knowing he was her enemy.

"Fine, if you so wish to have a private conversation," Reina agreed, knowing the rest of the occupants would like to hurt her.

"You shouldn't have come here," he said, the two outside and around the corner away from the windows. "You're lucky the U.N. acknowledges the rights of families in this situation, but if I made a strong

enough argument, I could overturn the rules of the NSWf and keep you far away from this family."

"What stake do you have in this family?" Reina asked, wondering profusely.

"More than you do breaking them up. I want you out. Now." Salcito ordered, surprising Reina.

"You don't scare me, I am here to rejoin my family. You have no right to remove me from my rights," Reina tried to argue.

"And you have no right to take away a child from an environment she has been in for her whole life and change it for your own personal needs," Salcito argued back. "I don't care how strong and influential you think you are, I will make sure that this family is not broken up because you think you can be a better parent. You don't know what these two have been through, and that's something you can never compare to."

"I wish it don't come to this, but I guess you leave me with no choice," Reina said, just before she stabbed him through the gut with her Cloneblade. "You were an advisory I wish to have learned more about."

"Then let's start now," Salcito retorted, staring her in the face and bringing his knee to her stomach.

Reina bent over, the blade pulling free and Reina with no air. This didn't stop Salcito though, as he picked her up and tossed her down the alley. She slid on the hard concrete for a few feet before stopping a ways down the alley. She tried to stand, if only to protect herself from the wounded, but powerful, soldier in front of her.

"How can you still fight with that much blood pouring out?" Reina asked, seeing the ground start to turn red.

"Adrenaline and hardheadedness are very powerful tools for someone of my strength," Salcito answered, walking calmly over to her. "And you believed I was unarmed, which is another mistake you made today."

Salcito reached into his boot and pulled out a combat knife, the blade sharp and menacing. Reina was not going to take this sitting down and stood up, activating the Cloneblade in full. She rushed at her opponent, hoping that the decreased blood in his brain would make him slow and lower his reaction time. This was not the case.

When the blade was about to make another hole in him, he took ahold of the arm it was attached to, sidestepping the entire attack. He then took her and slammed her body into the brick walls, cracks appearing in the foundation at the impact point. That was the end of the attack, as Salcito hunched over, blood pouring out both the wound and his mouth.

Reina stood up, hoping to finish this quickly, her blade at the base of his neck. She hesitated, waiting to see if he was going to beg for his life or something. Nothing was said, just the free flow of blood onto the ground. Reina cursed at herself, knowing she wasn't able to

kill someone like this. She stepped back and deactivated her Cloneblade and helped him up, moving quickly to the café. She burst into the door, much to everyone's surprise.

"Help! We were attacked!" Reina yelled, convincing the group because of the flow of blood.

Everyone rushed over, getting him onto the floor and getting bandages and water. The activity temporarily made everyone forget why Reina was there, as she helped with getting pressure on the wound. When they found that the wound went through his body, they started to get curious, but kept trying to stabilize him while the ambulance was on the way.

The hospital wasn't very far away and within a few minutes, Salcito was in the back on the emergency vehicle and on the way to someone to save him. Masane went with him, as she was more concerned with him and forgot what was happening at the café. This was all it took for Reina to take Rihoko and leave, no one able to contest now that she was gone.

13. Chapter 12

****I'M BACK! *Parades and Fire Works shoot off* I have returned from Basic Training in Great Lakes, Illinois and am now an official Sailor in the United States Navy. I am now at school for my job that involves working on computers onboard ships designed to go under the water for extended periods of time. HOOYAY!****

****Hospital: The Following Day****

Masane sat next to the bed in the room, the occupant currently sleeping. Salcito had been asleep since the doctors had finished sewing him up and running different tests on him. Masane and Tazawa had driven him there, but Masane sent Tazawa back to the apartment to pick up Rihoko. Salcito looked disturbed by something, but Masane ignored it. She didn't have time to worry about him and Rihoko.

Masane was about to get up and get something to eat from down the hall when Salcito stirred in his bed. She sat there, arms crossed and a scowl on her face, waiting for Salcito to notice her. He sat up and looked around the hospital room, getting his bearings set before speaking.

"I'm sorry about Rihoko," Salcito first said, confusing Masane.

"What do you mean, Tazawa is on the way back with her right now," Masane told him.

"No, he isn't, that bitch has her, the same one who did this to me. She's a Cloneblade, and to get back her daughter, she stabbed me and took her in the chaos," Salcito told Masane, a look of shock growing on her face.

"How would you know that, you were injured and had to be taken to here?" Masane asked, trying to see if he was lying.

"Because, I would do the same thing if it was my daughter," Salcito answered, the worry on Masane's face turning to denial.

"No, that can't be right. Why would somebody do that?" Masane asked, hysteria on her face.

"People in this world, no matter what they have been told, will take what they believe is theirs, no matter the consequences. I was not able to predict that she would do that, which was sloppy of me. And you have paid the price for that, for which I am truly sorry," Salcito apologized, sincerity in his voice. "I promise, I will get her back, no matter what it takes."

Masane didn't say anything, just looking down at the floor. Salcito waited for her to say something, but he knew she would not. He didn't bother waiting and got out of the bed, stripping off the hospital gown and donning his ruined clothing. He left the hospital, staff trying to stop him only to be shrugged off and ignored. He was on a mission, and nothing was going to stop him from completing it.

Masane was still in her stupor when Tazawa showed up. He found the bed empty and Masane crying, which he didn't want to disturb her but had to anyway.

"Masane, i'm sorry, but..." Tazawa started to say, but couldn't finish.

"I know, he told what happened," Masane said.

"How could he have known?"

"Because, he said that's what he would do," Masane answered, not saying everything, confusing Tazawa.

"What would he do?" Tazawa asked, hoping Masane was not hurt.

"Take his child from a situation he created in the confusion," Masane told him.

Tazawa just stood there, unable to say anything. He couldn't say anything that would help, as there was nothing to be said. Until his mind wandered to the most obvious thing available.

"So now what?" he asked.

"We go back and I call up Mr. Takayama. I'm going to get my daughter back," Masane said, standing up, a fire burning in her eyes.

Tazawa just nodded, following Masane out of the room. The trip back was quiet, Masane was deep in thought and Tazawa didn't want to disturb her. He didn't know what she was thinking, and he didn't want to find out from the level of concentration on her face. The drive was quick, and the scene they found inside was that of surprise.

Salcito had an array of weaponry and other objects that seemed military in purpose that were taking up five tables, fiddling with everything. What surprised everyone was that he was standing in his armor, helmet in front of him on the table.

"What are you doing?" Masane asked, surprised he actually had so much fire power.

"Preparing to get Rihoko back, and no, you are not coming," Salcito replied, picking up a rifle and disassembling and reassembling it in just under a minute.

"What do you mean I'm not coming with you?" Masane asked, the fire returning to her eyes.

"You know that going after the NWSF would be suicide for you, even with the Witchblade. I can wage war as a one-man army, but I would be unable to protect you," Salcito told her, placing the weapon and ammo on him. "And frankly, security is no longer an issue. I have a feeling that things are going to get worse before they get better."

"I can take care of myself, and if you can survive, why can't I?" Masane asked.

Salcito stopped playing with the weapons, looking up and glaring at Masane. She was taken back by it, but her resolve returned ten-fold.

"Can you survive the explosion and radiation from the detonation of a thermonuclear bomb, or the hail of gun fire from a M2 Browning mounted machine gun, or deflect a blade that can cut through most armors used by tanks? I don't think so, so stay here and don't leave," Salcito ranted, picking up his helmet and placing it on his head. He quickly loaded the rest of the weapons and ammunition onto himself, walking towards the exit and turning back to the group. "Don't let her leave."

With that, he ran out the door, reaching the middle of the street and launching up with built in rocket boosters. Salcito flew through the air, quickly falling out of sight of the occupants of the cafe. Masane tried to run outside, but was grabbed by Tazawa. She struggled to get free, yelling different curses until she tired out, at which time she broke down and started to cry. The hold went from one of restraint to one of caring, one that the rest of the occupants joined in on.

"Don't worry, I'm sure he'll be back soon," Tazawa reassured. Masane just cried in the arms of those that actually care about her.

14. Chapter 13

First, i would like to say that i have had time to write, but i haven't had the drive until now, for some reason. i'll try to get more out soon, but i don't know yet.

Now that we have that out of the way, i will tell why i was absent for a good period as well. I am in the U.S. Navy waiting to continue my career at New London Sub Base. Don't go there, so much to not due. I will eventually be going to the USS Theodore Roosevelt, having been Submarine disqualified (Which is quite common). i have been stress by school, then by medical trying to fix shit, and now by i am glad to be leaving here, eventually, hopefully, Someone save me.

****Anyway, i hope you enjoy, and i am going so far off from the Original source, and right now, i actually am glad. gives me more freedom, so if you don't like it, i understand and won't hate you if you stop ready. So, please enjoy.****

Salcito marched down the street, weapons loaded on him, direction set on NSWf. The streets were busy, cars and pedestrians moving about, but Salcito ignored them. He was on a mission, and revenge.

He moved quickly, but remain in clear view. He no longer cared for the secrecy of the U.N., they'll just chalk it up to some new project or something. The drivers on the road swerved to avoid him, some running into building and other vehicles. One guy, who was talking on his cellphone, ran straight into the Spartan. Salcito reacted by holding his ground and halting the car with his body.

The front of the car was hissing as steam leaked out from under the crumbled hood, the front end wrapped around the Super Soldier. Salcito turned slightly and kicked the vehicle away, the car now resting many meters away. The driver crawled out, dazed and mostly unharmed, to watch the Soldier continue down the road as though nothing had happened. Salcito kept moving, finally coming into view of the guard post before enter the grounds of NSWf, when he got a call.

"What do you want?" Salcito demanded, not bothering to check to see who called.

"I'm calling to tell you that it's a bad idea to attack NSWf in broad daylight, their Cloneblades are numerous and unmatched. It would be suicide to go in," Mr. Takayama informed, trying to help out as best he could.

"I don't care what Masane told you, or what you know. I am not going to allow them to take someone's child that they suddenly want after so many years of not having that child. And I'm going to make that bitch pay for catching me the way the she did," Salcito growled back.

"Then you should know that she isn't there, she's at her home," Takayama informed him.

"I know, but the NSWf has cut off their network to any external coms, so I need to directly access their systems. And maybe teach them a thing or two about why the Cloneblade Project is nothing more than a diversion from a real Super Soldier program like what the U.N. is working on," Salcito smiled, having been bored with a lot of assignments.

"Just make sure that you don't get yourself killed, Ms. Amaha will want to join you when you go get Rihoko back," Takayama said, hanging up.

"I won't, but that doesn't mean they won't try," Salcito finished to himself.

He reached the front gate, the guard confused on who was walking up to the building. Before the guard could even speak a word, Salcito moved forward, knocking the guard unconscious. With the guard down,

Salcito activated his invisibility, making his way to the facility. He snuck pass the guards, moving towards the main of the facility and into the lobby of the building. The guard at the front desk was unaware of the invisible Super Soldier that was accessing the computer next to him.

Plugging in his system to the computer ports in the front, he quickly gained access the on-site servers. The security was sub-par, easily broken into by the advanced decryption programs at Salcito's disposal. He downloaded the entirety of their data base, routing it to his server back at U.N. Headquarters. He would need to remain plugged into the server to keep up the download, and the conversation the guard next to him was having told him his time was thinning.

The guard moved to grab his MP5K from under the desk when his hand hit something hard and metallic. The guard looked over, finding nothing there, before being pulled down and being suffocated by nothing. Salcito held him in the choke-hold for a handful of seconds, the guard's panicked mind using up all the oxygen quickly. Placing the guard quietly on the ground, the Super-Soldier surveyed the rest of the entrance area, finding it full of guards armed to the teeth, and two Cloneblade wielders in the back.

This will not be easy. Salcito thought, the download finishing just before the server was shut down. _Now they know I was looking for something there, and that means I don't have a lot time._

With the stealth that has never been seen before, the Spartan moved from his hiding spot behind the desk to the doors of the building, standing between two guards. The guards had their weapons aimed at the door, looking for any target to fire at, but for them, the target was next to them. Neither man figured this out, wondering how one of them ended up in the lobby fountain and the other one on the other side of the outdoor car park.

The stunned expressions of their comrades told the Spartan it was time to move, giving him to escape, or he thought, as both of the Cloneblades charged at him, their blades out and ready for combat. Salcito knew he could outrun them, his stamina and speed greater, but his arrogance of superiority got the better of him and he turned to face his foe. The plasma from the Energy Sword activating burned the air around it and hummed with power and menace.

The Cloneblades thrust out, each blade aiming for different limb. In a show of strength and durability, the Super Soldier in Power Armor blocked one blade with his Energy Sword and the other fell into his hand, grasping the blade firmly. The two women had no idea what had happened and stared in shock, neither able to process what had just happened.

"I'll give you this one chance to leave, I'm not here to fight you, but I've been looking for a reason to humiliate you since I've gotten here," warned Salcito, his visor hiding his features.

"We're not here to fight you, just hold you," one of the Cloneblades smirked, a high powered tank round being fired at the trio.

Salcito was too slow, his body moving too slow as his mind processed the round before impact. The round pierced his shields, slowing the round to non-lethal speeds for him, but not his armor. The tank-round

tore into the armor, knocking the Spartan over two meters on his back, the wind out of his lungs and chest plate destroyed, but alive.

He looked and saw only smoke and warning signals, his HUD blaring at him. With training being the only way he was able to get back up, the Spartan did the most logical thing and ran away. He moved with a speed unmatched, the Cloneblades attempting to pursue, but were unable to keep up with the damaged Spartan. Salcito made it back to the Caf   and into his room via the roof, stripping his damaged armor.

He didn't realize that Masane was also in the room, and it wasn't until he was out of his armor that she was able to finally get her voice.

"What the hell happened to you?!" she asked, examining the hole in his chest plate.

"They knew I would be there, and they had an equivalent of an anti-tank weapon, and shot me. It was even faster than should be, so I'm guessing it had a rail-gun aspect to it. Tore through my shield and destroyed my chest plate. That plate and my shields are the only reason I'm alive right now," Salcito answered, his breathing steadying.

"So, what, they can kill you now?" Masane asked, knowing that if they can defeat a future soldier in advanced power-armor, what good is she against them.

"If I was to go back out in this armor or anything less, yes," He answered, pulling up his computer and typing away. "But I did complete my mission, here is the data you're looking for."

Salcito pulled a paper off his printer, handing it to Masane as he got back onto the computer. She read it over, frowning slightly as she looked it over. She looked over the Soldier's shoulder and saw him chatting with someone, but couldn't tell who as it was in a foreign language.

"I suggest taking the handgun on the table, it is already loaded, just point and squeeze the trigger. If you know how to reload a gun, take the extra mags next to it," Salcito told her, not even looking at her.

"And what will you be doing? Aren't you coming with me?" Masane asked.

"No, I'm in no condition to assist on the ground, I will be nothing but a hindrance. Even though I am a Super-Soldier, in a fight against them with no contest. Without my armor, I might as well be dead against the Cloneblades, and the Witchblade puts them to shame, so I'm done for right now. Go, I'll be watching over you from above."

"No," Masane said, glaring at the Soldier.

"Miss Amaha, this is up for discussion, I am not able to go with you on this mission. I apologize, but   " Salcito started, but was cut off by the angered woman.

"So instead of trying and being there to help me get my daughter back, having me risk my life, you are going to sit here and be safe. What type of soldier are you if you unwilling to do your job?" Masane almost yelled, wanting to beat the Spartan in front of her.

Salcito said nothing, ending the chat and standing up, turning to Masane. He stared at her, hard. His gaze would have made anyone unnerved and backtrack, but Masane just stared back, challenging him. He sighed and slumped down back in his chair. Masane was not ready for this reaction and didn't know what to do.

"You're right."

15. Chapter 14

****Hey, i know this chapter is short, but i just wanted to get this part over with so i can get on with the more impressive parts, like the OP Male cloneblade. And the other stuff that fans of the anime like. i might get into the mangas and find elements to bring over, spice things up a bit.****

Masane and Salcito were driving out in the woods, heading towards Rihoko. They drove in silence, Masane still processing what Salcito had told her. She was shocked that he had told her anything, but what she had said stuck with her. Something like that was terrifying to imagine, especially to a child that is her daughter's age.

Salcito stared out the window, keeping his thoughts to himself. After telling Masane some of the truth, he went with her, knowing that he wasn't at one-hundred percent. She felt safer, he guessed, and possibly less crazy. He checked his weapon again, making sure he had the correct rounds in. if he was going to be there, he might as well make himself useful.

The drive ended with Rihoko running out into the road. Masane slammed on the brakes and rand out, not even bothering to wait for Salcito, and hugged her daughter. Salcito got out, but didn't go over to the family, instead going to woods off the road.

He moved quickly and quietly, his knee in pain but he ignored it. It didn't take long for him to find her, Reina, dying by a tree. He didn't say anything as he knelt next to her.

"Is Rihoko safe?" Reina asked.

"Yes," Salcito answered.

"Good. I know I have no right, but could you protect her? Please, I just want he to be safe," Reina pleaded, coughing up blood.

"I will," Salcito answered.

"Thank you," Reina smiled, her body turning to dust and melting into the ground from the rain. Salcito looked up, now realizing the weather and sighed.

"I'm getting to old for this shit," he said to himself as he walked back to the car.

Masane was putting Rihoko in the back of the car, her daughter wrapped in a towel, smiling at her. She turned and jumped a little seeing the Spartan. He waved her off and got in the car, massaging his knee as he relaxed in the seat. Masane got in and looked over at Salcito, wondering what it was that Salcito had been doing. He didn't elaborate and she didn't pry, so she just dropped it, driving on back to the caf  , driving home.

End
file.